



## PUBLIC LEDGER.

A. F. CURRAN, Publisher.  
MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

How fashion doth make fools of us all.

There is no proper season for planting dynamite.

Pumpkin pie begins to draw upon the culinary horizon.

What effect would synthetic rubber have on the chewing gum industry?

If the women reformed their clothes the modistes would lose a lot of money.

Boys were playing Indians and Indians long before the advent of the movies.

Nicaragua is no longer than an American state, but it is fuller of bananas.

New Jersey holds the chivalry championship. There women are girls until they are forty.

No man can tell how a marriage will turn out, but any woman can—and usually does.

If the Astor baby had his way he probably would trade his \$3,000,000 for an all-day sucker.

There are four dozen wild buffalo in Yellowstone park. We suppose the tourists make them wild.

Every woman hates to see her little son go to school or her daughter married for the first time.

Red apples may produce red cheeks, as a fruit grower says, but green apples make a little boy blue.

There is a shortage in the cranberry crop, but thus far no shortage in the turkey crop has been reported.

Explorers in New Mexico recently have found a prehistoric flat, but even the janitor had become extinct.

That electricity can cure hunger has been demonstrated by many a man who has mingled with a live wire.

Once upon a time a man thought he knew a mushroom from a toadstool. A large family survived him.

Eating lunch every day in ten minutes is another form of speed mania that is responsible for many deaths.

That St. Paul woman who wrote a novel with her toes certainly handled a subject with a good understanding.

Some men are born liars, some have to lie for a living, and some lie because their wives are too inquisitive.

When there are so many great men and women in the country it makes us common people feel awfully lonely.

Some women pay more attention to their dogs than they do to their husbands, but then maybe the dogs growl less.

A woman in Washington was married eleven years and never told it. This shatters another long-cherished tradition.

Another defective golf ball has broken into print by exploding, but as a rule it is the defective golfer who is explosive.

Food supplies are to go through the mails, and the cancellation of stamps on packages of eggs should be conducted gently.

The trouble will not be over until we find out whether the American or the National league champions are the better ball players.

Scientists claim they have discovered the germ of measles by experiments on apes. But measles is not a thing to monkey with.

A Pennsylvanian man died at a ball game while rooting for the winning team. From a "fan's" view he died at the summit of earthly bliss.

The New York commissioner of police had his pocket picked. Under present conditions in that city this seems like adding insult to injury.

The picture of a juggernaut on a joy ride is indeed one to cause a temporary suspension of pedestrianism on the highways and byways of the land.

A New York man recently died of old age at 26. He was probably one of those who sang: "Better twenty years of Broadway than a cycle of New Jersey."

The new \$100 bill is said to bear Alexander Hamilton's portrait, but we fear we shall have to take somebody's "d" for it.

Kaiser Wilhelm is afflicted with rheumatism, which hurts quite as badly in German, we are informed, as it does in English.

A Pennsylvania woman suing for divorce charged that she has had but two new dresses in twelve years. No stronger case of extreme cruelty was ever made out.

Speaking of pickers, the treasury department announces that there is a gang at work counterfeiting pennies.

We are to be blessed with a large crop of oysters. Let us hope that the tobacco sauce will be equal to the demand.

Now that royal princesses are getting in the papers by having their jewels stolen, stage stars will have to relinquish this favorite device and take to something less backbent.

## Keep Smiling

By Rev. FRANK CRANE, Chicago

### Many Little Helps in Calling Fate's Bluff

IT IS wonderful what you can do if you will only keep your chin up. This is a strange world, and one of the strangest things about it is the way it sympathizes with success.

We are supposed to sympathize with failure and grief, but we don't.

I am going to tell you the truth about this naughty world, and the truth is that whichever way you're going, up or down, people want to help you along.

If you are going up we all want to boost; if you are going down we all want to push. That is what we call sympathy.

You hear complaints that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. That has always been the case, simply because it is human nature. Society has always been organized to increase the wealth of the wealthy and the power of the powerful; also to make the weak weaker.

There's no use whining about it. It is simply one of the flinty laws of nature. The only thing to do with nature's laws is to adjust oneself to them and not complain.

This might be called the law of the inertia of prosperity.

You are guilty yourself. Whom do you want to see? The man everybody wants to see. And you read the book everybody's reading and go to the store where it is "the thing" to go.

"Follow the crowd," says the advertiser, with the shrewd knowledge of our makeup.

If you have a hundred dollars ahead to whom do you want to hand it? To the poor man who needs it? Not at all, but to the rich banker who doesn't need it.

If I ask you for the loan of a quarter you will pass it over to me without a word if you think it is a trifling matter to me; but if you suspect I really am in want and need the quarter to buy a little food with, that's quite another affair; you can't encourage that sort of thing; I should go to the Associated Charities.

Now, the way to use this law is to feign prosperity even if you have it not. Keep your chin up.

Wear good clothes. Don't withdraw from the society of the prosperous. Look pleasant. Don't let yourself get down at the heel. Don't get that poor beggar look on your face.

It isn't hypocrisy. It isn't pretense. It is sheer courage. It is letting the world know that while you live you propose to fight, and that like old General Taylor you "don't know when you're licked."

Keep smiling and an unfriendly universe will not know what to do with you; so it will crown you.

Says Alfred de Vigny: "All those that struggle against the unjust heavens have had the admiration and secret love of men."

Fate is a bluff. Face her, defy her, and she will fawn on you.

Fate is cruel, but only to the quitter.

## Problem of the City is the Greatest

By James P. Burnell, Atlanta, Ga.

The greatest problem which confronts the economists and the social workers of America today is the problem of the city.

Every year the population of the cities is increasing and that of the counties diminishing. Men are deserting the country in droves to come into the city. They are leaving the green fields for the dirty highways, the clear atmosphere for the pollution of the city, and with every new recruit the problem of handling them and the vice which grows among them becomes more difficult and more intricate.

Men are casting about for reform, and they don't know where to begin, so vast and so deep is the problem.

Figures compiled each year show that the denser the population, the greater the death rate—in other words, the closer men live together, the quicker they die.

In a certain English city, to prove that congested dwelling-places caused death, a certain area in the slums was demolished and modern, sanitary tenements erected in their place. The death rate sank something like 75 per cent. as a result. And yet the hordes of men crowd into the city, and conditions grow more congested, crime gains a new impetus and death increases at a horrible rate.

Understand me, I do not mean that every new recruit into the city means that that person is evil and that crime increases as a direct result. The point is that wherever conditions are congested and where poverty reigns crime increases, as figures have proved, and poverty is one of the most prolific sources of crime.

The problem of the city is a hydra-headed one, and sociologists are beginning to realize that, while it demands instant attention, they do not know how to cope with it.

I cannot see the advisability of tagging a man because he is a bachelor. In the first place, it is cruel, to say the least. Just because a fellow has been so unfortunate as to be left outside of matrimony's hospitable gates there is no reason why we should throw it up to him. There are very few men who have not met at least one girl whom they would like to marry, and that they have failed to qualify up to the lady's requirements is no sound reason for unseemly mirth and merriment from the world at large.

Did you ever get turned down? Then you know what a delightful sensation it is. How would you like to have that hideous experience, which has caused you much inward anguish, to say nothing of humiliation, blared abroad to an unsympathetic public?

How would you like having to wear a button or a badge boldly displayed on your coat lapel signifying that you belong to the great wandering family of "Turned Downs"? It wouldn't set well, would it?

So I declare, in the cause of common courtesy, that it wouldn't be fair to tag the bachelor.

Let him forget his lonely misery if he can.

Don't doom him to remember his troubles every time he puts on his coat.

Let him alone and maybe some day when nobody's paying much attention to him he may manage to slip through the big gates. You never can tell.

## Let Bachelor Forget His Lonely Misery

By JANE ERICKSEN  
Sacramento, Cal.

It is impossible to make a distinction between the course of our lives and the course of our thoughts. But all are subject to change, sudden and unexpected. There are turning points in our characters no less than in our careers, and often the two are so closely related that they cannot be considered apart. It is worth while sometimes to trace back to their source our ideas and impressions, our new lines of thought. So much we owe to training, so much to

Life's Turning Points.

Many Little Helps in Calling Fate's Bluff

## INSURRECTION IN NICARAGUA WANING



DISPATCHES from American naval officers indicate that the insurrection in Nicaragua is on the wane, but there are still many bands of rebels engaged in such bush warfare as is shown in the accompanying photograph taken near Recreo.

## HE SAVED 83 LIVES

Capt. W. H. Chelton Held Record as Rescuer.

Took Many Desperate Risks, Braving Gales and Icelflows in Chesapeake Bay to Get Perishing Crews Ashore.

Baltimore, Md.—Capt. William H. Chelton, a Chesapeake bay commander, died at his home in Lawsons, a suburb of this city, the other day, aged sixty-nine years. Captain Chelton had been a sailor from his youth and commanded a vessel when he was fifteen years old.

Captain Chelton had a record unequalled in America for saving human lives, the score to his credit being 83, and his work in this direction beginning in August, 1859, when, as a boy of fifteen years, he leaped into the harbor in Baltimore, at the foot of Calvert street and saved a girl who had fallen overboard. An effort was made to raise a purse for the lad, but he refused to accept anything and he never for his subsequent rescues earned a cent.

To his dying day, however, he was proud of a United States medal awarded by Congress in 1902, following the publication in the Sun of an account of his lifework of humane endeavor.

Captain Chelton, though a great life-saver, has also taken a life. This was when he was a deputy sheriff of Somerset county. On May 28, 1907, he attempted to arrest Frederick Long, who was wanted for robbery. He ordered Long to surrender, but the man fired twice at him and then Chelton used his pistol. The man shot twice again and ran through a field, where he was found dying with a bullet in his lung. On that occasion, too, he drove several miles with the wounded man to get medical aid.

Captain Chelton was born in Northumberland county, Virginia, in 1844, but lived in Maryland during nearly all of his life.

He was of medium height, but had the breadth of shoulders and depth of chest which befit a great strength and a pair of sturdy legs which stood him in good stead in many feats of swimming by which he saved men on the deep. He also made several rescues on land and saved three women from being killed by trains.

He is said to have had ample cause for believing robbers ungrateful, for he joined the Union army at the outbreak of the Civil war, expecting a bounty of \$300 besides his pay for a long service. When his term of enlistment was over and he settled up with Uncle Sam he received a check for \$6 which, he was told, was all that was coming to him. He never cashed the check, but kept it as a souvenir.

During a greater part of his time in the army he was piloting federal gunboats in Maryland and Virginia waters on blockade duty. In this service he piloted three gunboats in an attack on Cherrystone, the fight lasting from early afternoon until the next morning.

Doctor Wm. H. Chelton: Rescues by Capt. W. H. Chelton: 1859—August—Rescued girl at head of basin.

1863—Fourteen United States soldiers.

1863—Two men at Pungoteague, swimming 100 yards to reach them.

1871—Man clinging to North point buoy.

1871—John W. Crisfield at Crisfield, Md.

1872—Girl at Crisfield.

1874—Girl, fifteen years old, Crisfield.

1878—Nine men from a boat off Sharpe Island.

1878—Nine members of crew of schooner Northampton in Magothy river.

1878—Captain and crew of five from sloop Samuel Bruster at Illog Island in the Potomac.

1888—Captain and crew of three of

## IMMIGRANT IS 7 FT. 2 INCHES

Ship Has to Provide a Special Berth for Giant Pole, Twenty-Two Years Old.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Ignatius Ziemasz, who arrived here with 514 other immigrants on the Prinz Adalbert of the Hamburg-American line, from Hamburg, came to the United States to grow up with the country.

His ambition would seem to be doomed to disappointment, for Ignatius, who is twenty-two years old, has thriven so well in his native land that he stands seven feet two inches above the earth.

Ziemasz comes from Poland, and is a farmer. He had to occupy a special berth because of his size, and at table no one could sit opposite him because of the length of his legs.

To the immigration inspectors he said he would go west to purchase a farm, and if he met a suitable young woman he would make her his wife.

Ziemasz was well supplied with money.

Bad weather has delayed for nearly every day of the voyage in the log of the Adalbert, which arrived one day late.

On Aug. 28, 1908, the 138 cabin passengers, mostly tourists returning home after a sojourn in Europe, remained below decks during a greater part of the passage.

The dark hold of the big liner was a veritable child's toyland, there being nearly three hundred big cases filled with playthings.

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# JAPANESE HOME LIFE



THE duties and functions of the many departments of life in Japan are clearly defined and the general acquiescence in such definitions is a mark of orderly instinct rather than servility that it is ever ready to recognize its own inferiority. That the duties of women have been clearly indicated, that they show no disposition to overstep the boundaries assigned to time, is simply a manifestation of the spirit that pervades all classes. It is hardly a question of higher or lower, superior or inferior; it is a matter of duty—or "bushido."

Certainly the Japanese woman is not regarded as a handmaid. She has never been without her honorable position in the body politic, nor has the value of her peculiar duties ever been slighted. The duties of bushido are considered to be binding upon the woman as upon the man, and inasmuch as bushido means loyalty, so the woman must be loyal to her husband, as the man must be to the emperor and to the country. It is only those who are led by a false independence to revolt against all ideas of service who will criticize a ready acceptance by the women of Japan of a domestic sphere which is as important in its way as the larger service to the empire.

But the Samurai woman was not confined wholly to the household. She was even taught the use of arms, that she might help her father or her husband if the need should arise, and also that she might defend her own honor. Japanese history has many examples of women who became governors, who led military expeditions and who were famous in literature, art, education and religion. Indeed, the path to public honor has always been open to the Japanese woman, but it could be attained only by public service. There was only one standard of human value, and that was adhesion to the national interest. The woman who performed her whole duty to the home was as worthy of veneration as the man who performed his whole duty to the army and to the country.

There have been distinct feminine periods in the history of Japan. Such a period followed closely upon the introduction of Buddhism, which, with its incitements to charity, did much to stimulate what may be called a feminist movement. Such literary stars as Murasaki Shikibu and Sei Shonagon not only were the most famous authors of their time, but their works are still classics. The education of women was zealously fostered, and we hear of meetings at which poetry, music and art, Works of charity became honorable duties, and we hear much of the Empress Komei, who distinguished herself by personal service to lepers.

But the feminist movement in Japan has attained its main successes since the restoration and the fall of the Shogunate. Many Japanese women have visited foreign countries, received a foreign education and returned to their own country to play the part of propagandists. The popular education of girls has made great strides, and even the extension of political suffrage to women finds its advocates not only among women themselves, but among politicians and leaders of thought. That progress in this direction is likely to be slow. A society that has lately emerged from feudalism and that is accustomed to assign fixed duties to its various grades is not usually tolerant of innovations or efforts to enlarge the boundaries of particular classes. Rudism, moreover, is likely to play some part in retarding the political advance of women, and in confining her activi-



WASHING

titles to the household, to practical charities and to religion.

Among the public institutions now managed by women may be mentioned the Nurse association, the Red Cross society, the Patriotic association, Fukuden—Kwai and Jiel—a hospital. Women are also interested in many productive industries and in art activities. There are also now women doctors, and the department of communications employs women officials. Physical culture for women is also being adopted with energy and this is a fitting sequel to the Samuraj injunction that required women to regulate their emotions and suppress all those weaknesses that their western sisters usually attribute to nerves.

The Woman's university of Japan may be taken as an expression of Japanese ideas upon the question of education for women. It was founded by Mr. Maruse, who began his work thirty-five years ago, and who has been unceasing in its advancement. The object of the university is to educate women to fulfill their duties toward the state and society and to become an influence in the life of the nation. The university contains 52 buildings, including a library of 11,500 volumes, a chemical laboratory and a lecture hall.

The curriculum begins with a kindergarten and there are departments for household service, literature, English and education, the first of these including mathematics, physics, chemistry and physiology. The university has 565 regular members, 141 associate members, 37 advisory members, 151 junior members and 11 honorary members. The following exhortation given to the students by Mr. Maruse leaves nothing to be desired for its amplitude and intent: "The students are enjoined to learn, inefaceably impressed upon their minds, that they are to make it their chief aim and duty to cultivate and develop to the fullest extent all their faculties as well as their womanly virtues, and to remain faithful to the university, never forgetting to do good, study and to learn."

Much, of course, remains to be done for the advancement of women of Japan, but much has already been done. Japan has at least broken away from the ancient traditions of the east and has set her foot on the path that leads to the entire emancipation of women. In 1878 Japan had a debt of \$28,886.

## Memory Aid for Busy Men

The first mechanical apparatus intended to prevent the busy man from forgetting any of his engagements has just been described, with illustration, in Popular Mechanics. The new memory device is operated by a large spring, released at predetermined intervals by an ordinary clock. It is a desk fixture which keeps accurate time and occupies a desk space only six inches in height and eight inches

long. It has the appearance of a desk clock with three sets of pigeon holes, one series for the months of the year, another for the days of the month, and the third for each quarter of an hour of the day.

A busy professional or business man wishing to be reminded of something he is to do in the future makes a memorandum of it on a card and drops it into the case in the pigeon hole set

aside for that purpose. No matter whether the engagement is for a year ahead, or the next 15 minutes, a bell rings when that particular time comes and a card automatically drops down before him.

### Small Business Accounts.

The bills discounted by the Bank of France in 1910 included 1,542,735 which were below the value of 10 francs (\$2). Fifty-five per cent. of the total of bills discounted were for amounts less than \$20.

## THE WOMAN THAT CROSSED HIS PATH

By PAUL TRENT.

It was the third time that the two men had made the same seat on the embankment their resting place for the night.

"I'm wondering what it'll be like when the cold weather comes."

"Sufficient unto the day," Philbank laughed harshly.

It was weakness and not vice that had brought him to this state. In South Africa he had fought brilliantly, and returned to England with the brightest prospects. But a woman had crossed his path—a woman with the devil's beauty that had made him forget everything save his desire. Career had been sacrificed at her altar—money had been thrown away—and then she had coldly dismissed him. The descent had been rapid, and now for months he had been existing from hand to mouth—and for the last few days homeless and half-starved.

"I wish to God they'd give me another chance," the younger suddenly said.

Philbank looked at him suspiciously and seemed about to speak, then hesitated, and finally remained silent.

"Could you make good—with an other chance?" he asked at last.

"I believe so."

"Then you shall have one. Wait a moment."

Philbank huffed a passing policeman.

"Officer, can you oblige me with a piece of paper and pencil?" he asked.

The constable put his hand in his pocket and produced the required articles. Philbank wrote rapidly, and handed back the pencil with thanks.

"Take this to the Savoy and ask for Colonel Strathmore. But I want you to say that you won't say where you have seen me," Philbank said roughly to the other. "Good luck to you."

"Thanks, and—"

"Cuz along."

Philbank watched him cross to the other side of the embankment.

"I belieye I can do it—now," he muttered, and drew near the parapet. For a moment his muscles were taut and then his body relaxed.

"I haven't got the pluck," he said with a groan, and he despised himself the more for his cowardice.

He was about to turn away, when a shrill cry could be heard some thirty yards off, and a crowd quickly gathered, all eyes peering eagerly toward the river. He hurried along and asked what had happened.

"A woman has jumped over," some one said.

Philbank threw off his coat and dove toward a dark object which could just be seen. He swam strongly, but as he reached her she struggled fiercely to free herself from his grasp.

"Let me die."

"Don't be a fool!" he cried, and when she continued to fight he raised his fist and struck her sharply on the temple.

Then her struggles ceased and he commenced to tow her slowly toward the embankment. Her clothes became saturated and his burden heavier, but still he struggled on. Bodily weakness told at last and his strength wavered, until his arms barely moved.

"I'm done!" he gasped, and his senses were vanishing, when dark body loomed over them and voices sounded in his ears.

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When Philbank recovered consciousness he was lying in a bed with clean sheets, the touch of silk on his skin.

"Where am I?" he asked, feverishly. And kindly blue eyes looked down at him.

"Strathmore!" he gasped.

"You must talk, old man. Go to sleep," was the gentle answer.

A couple of days later he was sent to the hospital, but now he was well dressed and his stomach was no longer empty. Beside him was Colonel Strathmore.

"You are sure you are strong enough to go to the inquest?" the colonel asked anxiously.

"Quite sure. And so the poor devil died. Well, she wanted to die."

An hour later Philbank entered the mortuary and his eyes rested on the face of the woman whose life he had strangled.

"Heaven!" he cried, and his voice was filled with horror. It was the woman who had ruined his life. He touched her hand and trembled at its chill. Her eyes—they were blue—were open, and on her forehead was a bruise. Slowly he bent his head, and the lips touched the discolored skin; the memory of three kisses overwhelmed him.

And then he went out to face the world.

### Mice Aeronauts.

There is a young Hungarian in New York who has an ingenious turn of mind, spiced with humor. His lodging is on the seventh floor, which for some time had been infested with mice. He traps two, and sometimes three, a day. There is a flag pole fixed just below his window in a nearly horizontal position.

Having fixed an improvised paper parachute to the tail of the mouse, he starts him off along the pole. The rodent invariably runs to the other end, then a sudden shake of the pole, and he is dislodged and slowly and gracefully descends to the street below, whence he scampers along the pavement, followed by his uncanny attachment, to the bewilderment of the passersby.

### To Remove Paint From Linoleum.

To remove the spots of white paint from linoleum, keep them saturated with turpentine until they soften, or if they are very old and hard, use equal parts of turpentine and ammonia. They will soon soften and easily rub off, then wash with warm water and use a little soap, then rinse and wipe dry.

### One Way.

Mrs. Benham—"Here is an article telling how to add ten years to one's life." Benham—"You can do it by telling your right age."

## WING ORNAMENTS



Wings, large and small (but mostly small), have been made for late summer and early fall millinery and the manufacturer has considered their mounting in nearly every case. The base of the wing is set in a little dish of feathers or raised band or some other device that will adjust itself to the brim or crown of shapes. This is sewed to the hat and the wings spring from it at all sorts of odd angles and in many novel positions.

Among the prettiest wings are those that show two colors, one on the upper and a contrasting color on the under side. That is, the wing is lined with small feathers or raised band or some other device that will adjust itself to the brim or crown of shapes. This is sewed to the hat and the wings spring from it at all sorts of odd angles and in many novel positions.

Wide-brimmed shapes with small feathers poised on the brim edge or crown suggest to the mind butterfly-decked hats. Some of the wings are large and used on long velvet turbans of white they form the only decoration and all that is needed.

Wide-brimmed shapes with small feathers poised on the brim edge or crown suggest to the mind butterfly-decked hats. Some of the wings are very like huge butterflies. The man-

## HANDSOME BLOUSE.



## ODD MATERIAL AND DESIGN

Gown of Moonlight Blue Satin Something of a Novelty in Satinatorial Affairs.

A beautiful gown for a recent occasion was made in a shade of moonlight blue satin of the softest consistency, known as pearl or suede. The gown opened over a petticoat of the muscine de sole, while one side of the corsage was likewise of the filmy fabric relieved with trimmings of dull gold.

Another gown for the same occasion was in a supple and beautiful gold tissue shot with flageolet green. The front of the gown was draped with a spoon-shaped panel of flower patterned Brussels lace, veiled with a shadowy drapery of flageolet green tulles illusion, while the tissue was left uncovered at the back. The corsage itself was hidden under a soft blue Brussels lace, showing a little gathered tucker of pure white chiffon, while over it was the same soft shadow veiling of green tulles illusion, the drapery entirely binding the sleeves.

### Lounge Pillow Cover.

New in lounge pillow covers is a square of buckram toweling in natural linen shade. Its entire surface is decorated with a bold design in purple clematis done with coarse silk floss, the background being afterward filled in with pale green linen thread run in darning stitch. The back of the cover is of silk in a shade matching the clematis floss and the heavy cordage which flashes the seams of the four sides. Equally charming is a cover of white Irish linen. This is embroidered in a conventional lotus design with an Oriental mixture of colors in washable flosses and done in a long, heavy stitch. The back is of the plain Irish linen and its only trimming is the scalloped button-hole edging worked with dull red floss and matching the flaps of the embroidered side of the cover.

### Length of Skirts.

Several inches longer. Away with chopped ones. Two inches and two and a half is the proper height from the ground.

The shoe top will now go into retirement.

Skirts may be any wider, but they are longer—which helps some.

Some folks may drop their hair-mers now.

Usually there is another up their sleeve for the next change of fashion. Hooray! but busybodies cannot be expected to neglect their jobs.

### New Hats Artistic.

The grotesque, and in reality "bad" style of shape of hats worn in recent years seems to have given place to artistic developments. Most of them are modifications of a past period, we see the "Watteau" shape in different sizes, with wreaths of flowers and ribbons, or ribbon velvet streamers, which is such a sweet fashion for the girls. Large hats of the Galansborough order are trimmed with one long feather. These feathers are quite as beautiful as the celebrated one worn by the duchess of Devonshire at the coronation of George IV.

### Lace Hatpins.

Little home-made lace medallions—Irish or German crocheted lace—will prove very exquisite tops to silk-covered hatpins.

Choose, or make, those about an inch and a half in diameter, and apply them to the top of a flat or slightly rounded disk-shaped pinhead. In most cases the silk covering is put on the pinhead first, and the lace is sewn on by hand afterward.

Wide black velvet ribbon in huge bows trims some dead white hats.

The mixture of soft satin and taffeta silk in a gown shows with the petticoat of one material and the pannier overdress of another.

# THE PUBLIC LEDGER

DAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FOURTH OF JULY, THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS.

A. F. CURRAN, - - - Editor and Publisher.

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HON. HARRY BAILEY.

"We oppose both parties on the Tariff," said Col. Roosevelt in Minnesota recently. "The Republicans want a Tariff for privilege, and the Democrats a Tariff for destruction. We favor a Tariff commission; not a little dinky board. Our proposal is a Tariff for labor." The present prospect is that the "Tariff for destruction," has the inside track. —Brooklyn Times.

## SENATOR FORAKER'S WISE WORDS

"It is the duty of every loyal, self-respecting colored man in the nation to rally to the support of the Republican party and vote its ticket, from President Taft at the head of it, down to the last man on the county ticket." —Former Senator Foraker in Letter to Colored Baptist Ministerial Association.

The colored ministers of the Baptist denomination adopted resolutions to ask Senator Foraker for advice as to what the attitude of the negro voter should be at this time and in this campaign, and Mr. Foraker has promptly answered. The above quotation is the closing sentence of his letter, sent to the ministers, and is typical of the whole. One of the questions was as to Theodore Roosevelt's purpose in his declaration at the time of his nomination by the Progressive convention regarding a "white man's party" in the South. Mr. Foraker says of that: "In my opinion it means to make of the Progressive party in the South a white man's party for the purpose of popularizing the party with white people, especially the white Democrats of the South and thus make it possible to break up the solid support of the Democratic party by the Southern States.

"While the Republican party may have fallen short of what it should have done in this or that or the other instance, it remains that it is the only political organization to which the negro can look with hope for the future. In other words, it is as true now as when first stated, that for the negro 'the Republican party is the ship; all else is the sea.'

A good deal has been said recently about the battle of Armageddon. In view of this proposition, if I were a colored man, I would want to hear less about Armageddon and more about Appomattox.

Mr. Foraker says also that he regards the coming election as one of the most important ever held in this country. He cites the threat to destroy the protective policy, the attacks on the Federal constitution and our form of government, the attempts to take from the courts the power that safeguards personal liberty, and other similar issues. For many years former Senator Foraker has been regarded by many of the leading colored men of the county as a steadfast friend of their race.

The young man who is going to cast his first ballot at the November election should ask his father to tell him of the times we had under the Wilson Tariff law which was in operation from 1893 to 1897.

## 1907

"Hello, Colossal! How did you leave things at Washington?"

"Bully—in good shape; left Taft sitting on the lid."

## 1912

The people believed that then; and three year's service has confirmed that belief.

Ollie James in his speech at the Ratification Meeting in Lexington, predicted that Kentucky would roll up a plurality of 150,000 for Woodrow Wilson the coming November.—Winchester Democrat.

If dreams came true wouldn't "Big Ollie" be a wonderful man. Somebody should wake up Ollie.

Wage earners have begun the building of homes since Free-Trade was banished in 1897. They have paid for them in most instances and are paying on them now in others through the medium of building loans, all made possible by the excess compensation insured by a rigid adherence to our national policy of Protection.

A pair of shoes cost the wearer from \$2 to \$3.50 when there was a "Tariff for revenue only," but the wage earner had not the price unless he deprived himself of other necessities. Shoes cost between \$3 and \$5 now, but the wage earner has the money because under our scheme of Protection he can earn from \$5 to \$10 more a week than in 1892.

## THE SILENT MILLIONS.

The silent millions have taken no part in the primaries of either party. A larger percentage of Republicans have participated in primaries this year than in the Democratic ranks. Roughly speaking, at least two-thirds of the voters have abstained from expressing a primary choice.

Those active in party management and in the struggle for party control may imagine that they are the party, but the millions silent will decide the issue in November. Not in the crowds before the talented speakers; not in the deliberations of the party leaders, are the real issues threshed out. The real issues are threshed out in farm-houses, in city homes, when the man of the house and the good wife talk over matters together.

## Raps At Random.

### Lippincott's Magazine.

A girl has plenty of time to decide on the details of her wedding before the man has figured out whether her eyes are blue or gray.

Being conservative in politics never keeps a man from being screamingly insurgent in the matter of ties and socks.

A really clever woman never makes the mistake of assuming that only a man can comprehend her cleverness.

You may cure the vices of a bad woman, conquer the shortcomings of the indifferent woman, but nothing will avail in the face of a good woman's prejudices.

The woman who "dares to be different" is talked about, the man who plays the game is merely tolerantly laughed at—but at best the woman wouldn't change places with him.

HIS EXAMINATION.

"So you want to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got any money saved up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could you let me have \$5,000 on my unsecured note?"

"I could, but I wouldn't."

"I guess you can take care of her all right. She's yours, my boy, and here's a good cigar."



MR. TAFT: Bacon intimated in the Senate that the Republicans chances in the campaign would be enhanced should the country be plunged into war as the result of the disturbance in Nicaragua or Mexico.

## NEW VICTROLAS

What wouldn't you give to be able to have the world's greatest singers and musicians to sing and play for you whenever you wanted to hear them! You can hear them whenever and as often as you wish with a Victrola in your home; and you can get one of these wonderful instruments from

**\$15 to \$200.**

## P. J. MURPHY, The Jeweler

### THE PASTIME

This Afternoon and Tonight

#### The Intrigue

Imp.

#### In the San Fernando Valley

Nestor.

#### The Trysting Tree

Champlain

### Latest Markets.

#### MAYSVILLE RETAIL MARKET.

Groceries.

Coccol, headlight, 1/2 gal. 15 00

Coffee, 1/2 lb. 25 00

Golden Syrup, 1/2 gal. 35 00

Molasses, new crop, 1/2 gal. 50 00

Molasses, old crop, 1/2 gal. 40 00

Sorghum, fancy new, 1/2 gal. 40 00

Sugar, yellow, 1/2 gal. 6 00

Sugar, extra C. 1/2 gal. 6 00

Sugar, A. 1/2 gal. 7 00

Sugar, granulated, 1/2 gal. 7 00

Sugar, powdered, 1/2 gal. 10 00

Sugar, New Orleans, 1/2 gal. 10 00

Teas, 1/2 gal. 30 00

Provisions and Country Produce.

Apples, dried, 1/2 lb. 00 00

Bacon, breakfast, 1/2 lb. 20 00

Bacon, clear sides, 1/2 lb. 15 00

Bacon, hams, 1/2 lb. 17 00

Bacon, shoulders, 1/2 lb. 10 00

Beans, 1/2 gal. 60 00

Butter, 1/2 lb. 30 00

Eggs, 1/2 doz. 20 00

Flour, Jefferson, 1/2 lb. 6 00

Flour, Alpha, 1/2 lb. 5 75

Perfection, 1/2 lb. 5 50

Flour, Graham, 1/2 sack. 40 00

Honey, 1/2 gal. 20 00

Honey, 1/2 lb. 15 00

Lard, 1/2 lb. 12 00

Meat, 1/2 peck. 30 00

Potatoes, 1/2 peck. 25 00

Young Chickens, 1/2 lb. 18 00

Applesauce, 1/2 dozen. 20 00

Bananas, 1/2 dozen. 15 00

Limes, 1/2 dozen. 20 00

Pineapples, can, 1/2 lb. 20 01

California Oranges, 1/2 gal. 30 00

## 256 Acres

On the Salem Turnpike one and a half miles Southeast of Germantown, in Mason County. This farm has been in continuous possession of the Lloyd family since 1892. It has had careful management, has always been a famous tobacco farm and is now in a high state of cultivation.

This farm can be divided to advantage and will be offered for sale in parcels and as a whole. There is a good two-story dwelling, a tenant house, all necessary outbuildings, barn room for 25,000 pounds of tobacco, a never failing and well-distributed supply of stock water, and fencing in good condition. The place is one and a half miles from churches and schools on a good turnpike that leads to the stable door. This farm pays a good per cent. farmed on the tenant system and is desirable either as an investment or as a home.

For further information apply to Dan H. Lloyd, Germantown, Ky.

## EVAN LLOYD'S HEIRS.

Philadelphia are carrying whisky in their walking sticks. That is a better place for it than the alimentary canals.

The pupils of a certain school were asked to write original compositions on "Kings." The prize was carried off by the youth who banded in the following: "The most powerful King on earth is War-king; the laziest, Skir-king; one of the worst Kings, Smo-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the thriest, Drin-king, the siest, Wink-king; the noisiest, Ta-king."

## High School Football

The first game of the season will be played at the ball park today between Mayfield and another High School. Owing to three weeks of faithful practice our boys have developed a pretty fast team. Come out and give your support.

Admission of 15c for children and 25c for adults will be charged to make expenses.

Come out and root.

## New Comet Visible

Gale's comet can be seen every evening between sunset and 8 o'clock in the Southeastern heavens. The comet is visible to the naked eye. Just now the heavenly visitor is slightly South of being in line with the sun. On October 4th it was in a direct line with the sun, and then proceeded on Northward. The comet is distinctly visible if a field glass is used. Up to the present it has not developed a tail, but scientists believe the appendage may be acquired at any time as the body approaches the earth. The comet was discovered on September 1st, last, by Astronomer Gale at Sydney, Aus.

—

## More Business

### Than Ever At the New York Store!

The reason: More goods than ever. Prices lower than ever.

Specials in our Millinery Department Saturday. We have the very latest ideas and prices below anywhere.

Ladies' and Children's Coats. We have the greatest selection ever carried and prices to open your eyes. Ladies' beautiful Coats \$3.98 up to \$15. Ladies' Suits, a sample line. You must see them to appreciate their value. They fit without alteration.

## SPECIAL.

Best 98c Blanket and Comfort in the world.

## New York Store S. STRAUS, Proprietor.

PHONE 571.

## PURE LIQUORS

THE BEST WHISKIES, APPLE BRANDY, PEACH BRANDY, GIN AND WINES IN THE WORLD AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We don't handle rectified, blended or compounded goods of any kind whatever. If quality counts, if purity is an object, if money-saving means anything to you, we should have your trade.

## MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.

## O. H. P. THOMAS & CO.

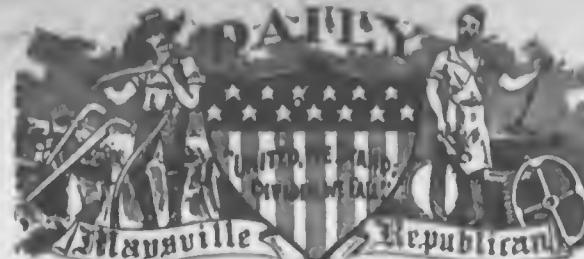
MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

### WHEN YOU GO TO

### See Baseball in Cincinnati

STOP AT THE

# Public



# LEDGER

WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1887.  
DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER—1892.

MAYSVILLE, KY., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1912

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



The women who have a dread of their husbands marrying a second time generally live to a ripe old age.

B. S. Hensley, 76 a wealthy resident of Beech, N. C., was shot and instantly killed in a dispute.

## WITNESS AFTER WITNESS IN MAYSVILLE

SUCH EVIDENCE OUR READERS CANNOT DIS-  
PUTE

As we take up THE LEDGER week by week, we are struck by the hearty, unmistakable way in which witness after witness speaks out as Mrs. McClelland does here. If these people were stronger living miles away, we might take little notice of them. But they are not. They are our neighbors, living among us. Their word is too easily proven to admit of any doubt. They speak out in the hope that their experience may be a guide to others.

Mrs. Annie McClelland, 541 West Second street, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dona's Kidney Pills did me a lot of good and I recommend them as doing just what is claimed for them. I was often dizzy and nervous and my head ached. I had pains in my back and my kidneys were weak. Dona's Kidney Pills stopped the complaint immediately and made me well and strong."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milbourn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Dona's—and take no other.

**GEM**  
THEATER,  
Matinee and Night.  
The Vitagraph Company Presents  
"Maurice Costello and Florence Turner  
in the great dramatic success,  
FLIRT OR HEROINE?"  
HOUSE-CLEANING and A MAN WANTED  
Comedies  
Matines daily 2 to 5, last show  
promptly at 4 for schoolchildren.  
**GEM**

## THE LIGHTNING CHANGE ARTIST



—Halliday in Providence Journal

District Attorney Wayman, of Chicago, and his assistants issued twenty warrants in the vice crusade.

Seven young men are held by the Chicago police charged with forging checks, on which they are alleged to have secured \$50,000.

## WEATHER FORECAST

Has it That Old Crimp is to Come  
Early and Stay Quite a  
While

Georgetown News-Democrat.

Advance reports from amateur weather prophets of the rural districts presage an early, long and cold winter. "Birds are migrating to the South this fall earlier than ever before," said Wayne E. Courtright, a farmer living near Westerville.

All the old signs, predicting a long, cold season, have been haulied forth and garished, ready for fall circulation. According to the Westerville forecaster, squirrels are already hunting their winter supply of nuts. Hair on horses and cattle has commenced to grow longer, while barbers say that the growth of beard on men's faces has been slackened by the early fall breezes.

Whether the predictions of the amateur forecasters are authentic, it will soon be time for the groundhog to crawl into his winter quarters, spike the gas meter and settle down for a long sleep.

## KILLED FIFTY YEARS AGO

Sunday, September 29th, marked the fiftieth anniversary of the death of General William Nelson. General Nelson was a naval officer, but was placed in command of the volunteer forces in Kentucky, being attached to General Buell's command. He was slain in the Galt House in Louisville on September 29th, 1862, in a personal quarrel with General Jefferson C. Davis, another Union officer, who was a native of Clark county, Ind. General Nelson was born in Washington, this county, in 1825. The killing caused a great sensation at the time, and the Galt House, which at that time was noted as the greatest hotel in the South, was brought into still greater prominence.

## The Value of Good Books

Let your boy escape for a time from the meanness of the boy across the street, and let him roam the woods with Hiawatha, sail the seas with Slabid, build stockades with Crusoe, fight dragons with Jason, jest with Gainsford, let him play at quoits with Odysseus, and at football with Tom Brown. These are playmates who will never quarrel with him, nor bully him, but from whom he will learn to be brave, self-reliant, manly, quick to do for others, and set with his face toward the light. "Tell me what company thou keepest, and I will tell thee what thou art," says the old Spanish proverb. The child who lives in intimacy with such heroes as these, cannot fail to be strong and true.—Walter T. Fields.

## Impossible Things

To make a piano play as well at home as it did in the store.

To get in the last word with a life insurance agent.

To keep a woman from writing on both sides of the paper.

To get the buttons in a white vest without breaking one of the Commandments.

To look dressed up when you have a ready-tied four-in-hand on.

To understand the telephone conversation of a stenographer who is chewing gum.

To refrain from turning to the sporting page of a newspaper first.

To get a theater ticket that suits, even if it is the one you asked for.

## EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION

On Cigar Trade Will Be Investigated by Cigar Makers's Union

BALTIMORE, Md.—Prohibition and its effect on the cigar trade will be investigated by the Cigar Makers' International Union of America, wherever there are local unions of the International.

A resolution directing such inquiry was adopted at the convention.

It had been charged by prohibitionists and by psychologists that tobacco is a natural and inseparable companion to strong drink, and the cigar makers desire to get at the facts for themselves.

## SHORTAGE OF QUAIL

Young Birds Have Been Seldom Noticed This Season

While there is said to be a great number of rabbits this season, it is generally commented that there are no quail in the fields. Last season quail were more numerous than in many years past, and with the protection they received, because of posted farms, the prediction was that the numbers this season would be far greater than ever before. The long, cold winter killed many of them and those remaining, it is said, did not mate during the season, but remained in coves.

When the quail fail to pair off there is no nesting, and persons who have been over the country remark that while they have seen old birds they have observed but few young ones.

Reports from every section is that it has been years since the quail was so few in numbers.

## When a New Perfection Comes in at the Door Heat and Dirt Fly Out at the Window!

What would it mean to you to have heat and dirt banished from your kitchen this summer—to be free from the blazing range, free from ashes and soot?

### New Perfection WITH BLUE BEAMS Oil Cook-stove

With the New Perfection Oven, the New Perfection Stove is the most complete cooking device on the market. It is just as quick and handy, for washing and ironing.

### STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(Incorporated in Kentucky) Covington, Ky.; Louisville, Ky.; Atlanta, Ga.; Birmingham, Ala.; and Jacksonville, Fla.

## THE BUSINESS MEN OF TODAY

are fully aware of the value of good dressing as a business asset. They regard well made, perfect fitting attire as much of an essential as the attractive qualities of a well kept office or office. What is more important in the tailor than can make them the most satisfactory garments? There can be no question of doubt if you place your order with us. Remember this is the only tailor in this country who can measure the Prie's made to measure clothes. See the new brooms we are showing for \$18 to \$22, they are repeaters. Remember we repair all our dry clean work free of charge in a workmanlike manner.

C. F. McNAMARA,

6½ West Front Street. Maysville, Ky.

JUST RECEIVED, A CARLOAD OF NEW

## Iowa Timothy Seed!

Quality and Price Right.

J. C. EVERETT & CO.

Reports from every section is that it has been years since the quail was so few in numbers.

Fifty years ago last Friday, September 27th, occurred the fight at Augustin, between the Confederates, under General Luke, and the home guards.

## ARMY SERVICE SEVEN YEARS

On and after November 1st next, all recruits for the United States Army will have to bind themselves for a period of seven years in the service instead of three as under the present regulations.

## WASHINGTON THEATER TONIGHT.

## THE GREED OF GOLD

Pathé.  
WOULD-BE SHRINER  
Biograph.  
THE MINE SWINDLER  
Kalem.

Matinee Today at 1:30 p.m.

## ADMISSION 5 CENTS

At the Public Ledger, local and long distance 'Phone No. 40-5.

## MASTER Commissioner's Sale

## MASON CIRCUIT COURT.

Mary C. Smith's Adm'r, et al., Plaintiffs.

Mary J. Pierce's Adm'r, Defendants.

Judgment and Order of Sale.

In obedience to a judgment and order of sale in the above styled action, I will, as Master Commissioner, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1912,

At 1:30 o'clock p.m., proceed at the Courthouse door in Maysville, Ky., to sell at public outcry and to the highest and best bidder the undivided property, in order to settle the estate of

John W. Nicholson, deceased.

Said property consists of a certain lot of ground

in a two-story frame dwelling house and other

improvements, personal, lying and being on the

corner of the intersection of Second and Third streets, in the City of Maysville, county of Mason and state of Kentucky, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner of the above styled action, I will, as Master Commissioner, on

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# My LADY of DOUBT

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire,"  
"My Lady of the North," etc.

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence, of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by General Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge. Disguised in a British uniform, Lawrence penetrates British lines. The Major attends a great fete and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets Grant, a duelist. The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy must return to America, returning after following a narrow escape. The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and is given a place to sleep. The Major is captured by Captain Grant and rangers search blacksmith shop in vain for the spy. Lawrence joins the minute men. Grant and his men capture the minute men. Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men, who took him in a strong cell.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

He had turned the tables most neatly, and I glanced down over my rough garments, awakening suddenly to the knowledge that I was also in masquerade. To be sure I had one advantage—I knew these men had been part of Delavan's foragers, and hence at heart must be loyalists.

"There is not a question I intend answering to every rustler who stops me on the highway," I returned shortly. "I wish to know what this outrage means? I will know, you wooden-headed image! I was about my business when the four of you attacked me. I wasn't the man you were after at all, and yet I am held prisoner, shut up here behind iron bars. What is this place, anyhow?"

"It is called 'Elmhurst,' sir."

"Elmhurst? A country estate?"

"Yes, sir, one of the old plantations. It's a name I never heard. Where is that precious Lieutenant?"

"I presume he is in bed, sir," and Peter rose quietly to his feet, and began replacing the dishes on his tray. Apparently there was not a nervous throb to his pulse, and he remained indifferently to my presence. I stared helplessly at him, even words failing me.

"You refuse to inform me as to the truth of this affair?" I faltered at last, as he lifted his burden on one arm. He turned a stolid face free my way.

"It would seem so, sir. I have to thank you for a most delightful evening, sir. Your conversation has been both instructive and entertaining. However, sir, the hour is now late, and I should advise your retiring."

He bowed solemnly, buckling toward the door, and I sprang to my feet, overtaken by a sudden determination to make a break for freedom. There was a slight glitter in Peter's gray eyes, as he blared sharply with his heel on the door.

"I hardly think that would be advisable, sir," he warned softly. "The man outside is armed, and in the excitement might hurt you."

There was a click of the lock, and the heavy door swung open. I stood motionless, tempted to spring, yet not daring the venture. Peter backed majestically out, and I caught a glimpse of the graybeard, and the black outline of a pistol. Then the door closed, leaving me alone. The little scrap of candle left spattered feebly, and, after walking across the floor a half dozen times, striving to gain control of my temper, I blew it out, and crawled into the bunk. There was nothing I could do, but wait for morning; not a sound reached me from without, and, before I realized the possibility, I was fast asleep.



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"Nothing could be added to my happiness," I answered, "unless it might be little information which you seem disinclined to furnish."

He waved one hand, as though brushing calmly aside some imagined insect.

"Disinclined? Oh, no, sir; there is nothing to conceal, sir, I assure you."

"Then, for God's sake, let it out of your system, man!" I burst forth impatiently. "Whom am I a prisoner to? What am I held for? What sort of treatment is this I am receiving?"

Peter bowed, without the tremor of an eyelash.

"Do not mention it, sir," he murmured smoothly; "we are only too proud to have you as our guest at Elmhurst. It has been very quiet here now for some weeks, sir, and your coming was welcome to us all."

I could only stare at the fellow with open mouth, so dumbfounded as to be speechless. Of all the idiots I had ever met he was the worst, or else his acting was magnificient. To save me I was not certain which might be the correct guess. He continued in stately solemnity:

"I trust there remains nothing more you desire to learn sir? If not, I am requested to conduct you to the library. Ah, thank you, sir—this way, please."

He stood aside, statue-like, his eyes looking directly past me, and pointed with dignity to the open door. I obeyed the calm movement of that hand as though it had been a military order, but, as I stepped into the twilight of the outer basement, I suddenly perceived the presence there of the attendant graybeard. He moved in advance, and I followed, aware that Peter was closely at my heels. A glance told me here was a library, not only in name, but in fact, a large square room, well lighted, the furniture mahogany, shining like glass, three of the walls lined with books, mostly in sombre bindings. A green-topped table occupied the center of the apartment, a massive affair, hunkered by a leather upholstered reading chair, while before the front windows were ensconced ledges. My rapid glimpse about ended in Peter standing in dignified silence barely within the door, his hand upon the knob.

"I am authorized, sir," he said impressively, gazing directly across my shoulder, not a feature expressing emotion, "to permit you to remain here on parole."

"Pardon me! What do you mean?"

"Pardon, I believe, the word used, sir," in calm explanation. "It is, as I understand, sir, a military term signifying pledge."

"Oh, I know that. Kindly concede that I possess some small intelligence, Peter, but to whom is this parole given, and what does it imply?"

"To myself, sir. This may seem slightly unconventional, sir, but I trust you will repose sufficient confidence in me not to object. The sole requirements are that you remain in this room now if provisions should be run out for sent."

"That will not be long?"

"I think not, sir."

"And who will send for me?"

Peter's eyes surveyed me, but without expression.

"I am quite unable to answer that, sir."

I was enough to provoke a scowl, but I had already butted my head against that stone wall sufficiently to learn the uselessness of any further attempt. Peter was Peter, and I crushed back my first impatient exclamation to say humbly:

"All right, my man, I'll wait here."

I sank back into the upholstered chair, and for a moment after he had closed the door I did not move. Then, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or swear over the situation, I crossed the room, and gazed out through the window. Far down the winding driveway, half concealed behind the trees, a body of British troops was tramping toward the house.

"Assuredly not. But you must consider circumstances, and forgive Peter for being over zealous in my service. I received you as soon as I knew who you were."

"Yes," somewhat mollified, "I presume that is true, although you are chilly enough, the Lord knows. But what brings you here?"

"That must remain my secret, Captain Grant—for the present."

"Oh, very well. I thought it might have some connection with Eric's presence in this neighborhood."

"With Eric! What do you mean? Have you seen him?"

"Ah! so I've got below the surface at last! I thought I might with that thrust. Yes, I saw him last night. I didn't know what the devil the fellow was up to, but I thought I'd let him play out his game. It was a right nervy trick, so far as it went, but unfortunately the rebels came in before I discovered what it all led up to."

"You do not make it very clear to me."

"I told you it was not even clear to myself. This is all I know. When I joined Delavan last night just after dark, he had a young officer of Light Dragoons in charge of his advance guard. I merely got a glimpse of the fellow as we rode in, and he looked so devilishly like Eric that I asked Delavan who the lad was. He said he had joined at Mount Holly with three men, was going through to Philadelphia with despatches from New York, and was only too glad of escort the rest of the way. Being short of officers Delavan gave him charge of the van."

"Did he recognize you?"

"I hardly think so; it was pretty dark, and I was put on guard over the rear wagons. I supposed I would have ample opportunity to learn the truth after it became daylight."

"But you bolted him to be Eric?"

"Yes, and after the attack I was convinced. He and the three men with him bolted and got away. Must have run at the first fire, for the fellows had us completely hemmed in. It was

other voice was that of the young light Dragoon lieutenant. Uncertain what best to do I stole toward the door and gripped the knob. This was the only known way out, for I dare not venture to use the window which was in plain view of those soldiers resting on the lawn. Whether Peter had retired or not, I possessed no means of knowing, yet I opeared the door silently a bare inch to make sure.

"Quite true; indeed I had no reason to suppose him in the Jerseys at this time."

Grant remained silent, probably not wholly convinced that he was being told the truth, and yet not venturing to state openly his suspicions. However the other said no more, and finally the Ranger felt compelled to answer.

"But—but, surely—"

"I mean precisely that. You can cover your despicable actions with the gloss of military duty, but I know you now as a revengeful harr. Treat this house as you please. I refuse to be any more denting or words with you. I'll provost you and your men, as I would any others suffering from buster, but that ends ab."

"Ah, fate," interrupted Billy, "is quite another thing. If it is ordained that a thing is to be, some power works for that end. But the act, while it may seem the veriest dip of luck, is really nothing of the kind. Now, if we go back into the history of the ancients—"

"Please," pouted two pretty lips, "please let's keep to the present. Now, Billy, what were you about to say?"

And Billy, being neither grayhaired nor guided by rule-of-thumb in his loving, forgot aunts and Uncle, and proposed again.

"I don't know what to answer," said Helen, looking a little startled, as if this were the first time. "I'm not sure I love you enough to marry you. But, Billy"—and her face lighted roguishly—"if you are certain that we are merely the playthings of fate, I am willing to leave my answer to—lucky."

This was striking in a wholly unfair and poignant manner.

"Please explain."

"Well," said Helen, "tonight I shall go to my desk and write you two notes. One will be an acceptance of your proposal and one a rejection. I shall inclose both in similar envelopes, with nothing to indicate which is which. Then I shall shuffle them fairly—oh, quite fairly, Billy, that no telepathy of mine shall interfere with that which is to be—and one I shall stamp and mail to you, and one I shall toss into the fireplace, without opening to know which has gone to you, and—"

"Helen! You're insane! You'll do nothing of the kind! Love is too sacred to trifles in this fashion; I won't allow it."

"Hut, Billy, some power will work for the proper end that has been ordained. You have just said so yourself. You know, Billy, there is no such thing as luck. Now, not a word. Here's your hat. Tomorrow morning, when your mail comes, you will find my note. Good-bye—and she could not resist the final boon of the last taunt—"good-luck!"

For a man who had not been accepted—yet—the hour of Billy's call the next morning was little short of scandalous. It was early as he was. Helen was waiting for him. She met him at the door, and after he had swung it to, that the curious world outside might est share in his happiness, he took her in his arms without a word. For a long minute neither of them spoke. Then Billy lifted the girl's face to his.

"It's yes," he declared, not as a question, but as the repeating of a set form.

"It's fate, Billy," whispered the girl. Her whole face was wreathed in a smile of contentment.

After they had talked of many other things, the girl said abruptly:

"I think, Billy, I must have been mad yesterday to leave the decision to luck; that is, to fate. After you had gone, and I had written the notes, I began to grow afraid. But I was stubborn enough not to give up the silly plan, and I burned one and mailed the other. Then, Billy, I began to wonder what you would think of me and whether you might stop loving me altogether; and I lay on the bed and cried myself to sleep—I'll forgive me, won't you?"

"Forgive you! It was my fault. Helen, I inspect I've been a babbling fool with my theories. I am the one who was to blame, because I goaded you into making the test to open my eyes. I—well, girlie, after this I am going to admit there is an element of luck in what we do. Shall you forgive the whole wretched business?"

But she seemed not to have heard him.

"I was jesting, Billy; you know that. After I had mailed the note to you, I thought of the horrible possibility of your taking it seriously, of your considering it as my final answer."

"You mean you were afraid you had sent the wrong note?"

"I was jesting, I tell you. But, Billy, I was afraid you mightn't understand. I was mocking you for your belief in fate, I—Billy, I hardly dare confess it now for fear you won't want me, but I wrote both of the notes exactly alike."

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"I

# IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY  
WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the benefit of the paper's readers. Address him, the Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

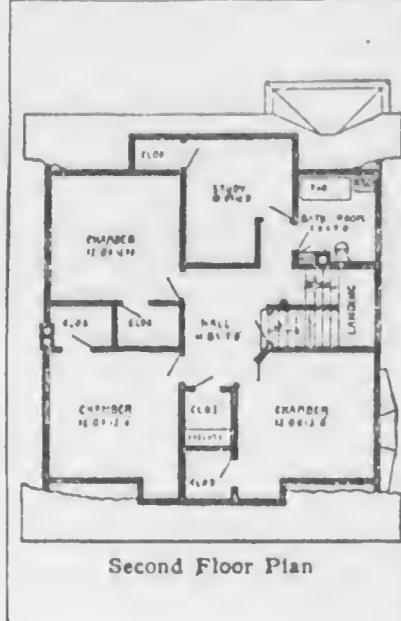
When a man builds a house there is one factor that often is overlooked by him.

He sometimes fails to realize that he not only is under certain obligations to himself and his family, but he is also under a deep obligation to the community in which he purposes to build.

For instance, a man has no moral right to buy a lot in a community of fine houses and place thereon an architectural monstrosity, or a house whose freakish design will detract from the neighborhood.

The desire of home owners in every neighborhood is to have the houses that are built even better than those already there. In other words, progressiveness is the watchword in home building as in all other things.

A man cannot do a more foolhardy thing than to build a dry goods box



which, though not expensive, will be a credit to any community.

The first thing to study in the matter of house building is the lot, its size and the surroundings. The frontage will largely determine the design and the arrangement of the rooms.

The house here shown is beautifully adapted to a corner lot where ample lawn space can be had. The first floor or story can be of concrete blocks or plaster finish. The wide exposed chimney, giving the impression of the cheerful fire-place within, breaks the monotony of the end elevation, as the dormer does on the front. The size of this house is not as large as might appear from the design. It is 32 feet, 9 inches wide, and 41 feet, 6 inches long, exclusive of the porches.

The front porch is of ample size, and one enters directly into the living room from it. This room is 15 by 18 feet in size. The architect has yielded to that demand for the parlor that still obtains in most localities, and has provided one 12 feet, 6 inches wide and 15 feet long. With the wide folding doors the living room and the parlor can be made practically one. The dining room is 12 feet by 6 feet, 6 inches; and a beautiful feature here is the conservatory opening from it. The kitchen is 12 feet, by 12 feet, 6 inches. On the second floor are three bedrooms, a bathroom and a study. This latter room also may be used as a sewing room or as an additional bedroom if so desired.

It is estimated that this house can be nicely built and finished for \$4,000.

house, or a cheap looking structure in a community of fine residences. For he and his family will be ostracized and rightly so, by their neighbors.

Now is there any necessity for houses of this character. Well and accurately drawn plans are available and designs are to be had for houses

be nicely built and finished for \$4,000.



## TERMS FOR STENOGRAPHER FOR LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Art of Shorthand Writing Has Been and Is Known by a variety of Names.

British Alienist Says Science Must Surrender to Romance, and Gives Reasons.

Sir James Crichton Crowne, a distinguished British alienist, scientist and eugenist, in an address at Sheffield, declared that science takes a back seat in favor of romance and that he believes in love at first sight. He said:

"I am a believer in the love match, not only from a romantic, but from the eugenic viewpoint. I feel I am on firm ground in recommending a return to nature in relation to marriage, and with a due allowance for those natural forces that are, perhaps, more far-sighted in the future of race improvement than we see with the best scientific spectacles."

"Love at first sight of the right kind is a physiological epoch, corresponding with the installation of new circuits in the brain. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than the love match. It is sacred, divine."

Diplomatic Compliments. Francis I. Madero, president of Mexico, is a small man and somewhat sensitive on the subject. Not long ago Madero and his cabinet were photographed. Abraham Gonzales, secretary of state, is a very tall man and stout, and he was required to stand next to Madero when the picture was taken.

Madero lifted his eyes to the top of the head of the great Gonzales, observed the difference in stature and coughed slightly. Then he said: "I feel that my size will not show to advantage unless we are seated."

"Your Excellency," replied Don Abraham, "if you could only stand on your wishes we would all be dwarfs." "Well said," Madero in return, "provided you did not stand on your courtesy at the same time." —Saturday Evening Post.

Silent. "Timpera is a quiet man."

"Yes, indeed. Timpera makes about as much noise as the letter *g* in 'bigio'."

At a New York Hotel. "Those green peas were nice." "Weren't they? Let's have another portion. They're only \$2 a portion." "Small portions, though. I'll order \$50 worth. I'm rather hungry to night."

## PORK GROWN MOST CHEAPLY BY FEEDING SOME GRAIN TOGETHER WITH FORAGE

It Has Been Shown at Different Experiment Stations That the Best Forage Crops Are Little More Than Maintenance Ration—Alfalfa Excels.

Results of investigations at the Missouri experiment station indicate clearly that pork can be produced most cheaply by feeding grain to combination with forage.

The kind of grain depends, of course, upon the forage crop. In the work done at this station, in general, when the forage was a legume, such as alfalfa, clover, cowpeas or soy beans, straight corn was the grain fed. With non-leguminous forages, such as bluegrass, rape and oats, sorghum or rye, the corn was supplemented with linseed oil meal, the ration being made up of six parts corn to one part of oil meal.

While the kind of grain to feed is

amount foraged off by hogs. At this station, with half feed of grain, alfalfa was found to carry twelve head for 168 days.

While it took five or six pounds of grain to the pound of gain, in dry lot feeding, only a trifling over three pounds was required when the hogs ran on alfalfa.

Red clover ranks next to alfalfa as a forage crop for swine. It will not carry so many head per acre, nor furnish pasture so long a period as will alfalfa. In two different trials it was found that the value of an acre of clover for hog feed is more than \$34. Care should be taken with clover not to pasture it too closely, and to

allow the leeman to bring to you a lump exceedingly small, You do not complain, for if you do He may not come at all.

**BABY IN MISERY WITH RASH**

Monroe, Wis.—"When my baby was six weeks old there came a rash on his face which finally spread until it got near all over his body. It formed a crust on his head, half fell out and the itch was terrible. When he would scratch the crust, the water would ooze out in big drops. On face and body it was in a dry form and would scale off. He was in great misery and at nights I would lie awake holding his hands so that he could not scratch and disfigure himself. I tried simple remedies at first, then got medicine, but it did no good.

Finally a friend suggested Cuticura Remedies, so I sent for a sample to see what they would do, when to my surprise after a few applications I could see an improvement, and he would rest better. I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap and before I had them used my baby was cured. His head is now covered with a luxuriant growth of hair and his complexion is admired by everybody and has no disfigurements." (Signed) Mrs. Annie Saunders, Sept. 29, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston" Adv.

**Wanted a Bite.**

Oh, yes; it was raining—had been all day. But they didn't mind that so much; you see, they were fishermen. All the same, they were trudging home, with weary steps and very weary-looking faces.

Their baskets were empty, and, to be candid, they were in a very bad temper.

As they entered the little village a large dog ran at one of the party. The dog had a ferocious look, and was barking furiously. But the fisherman did not take much alarm at the animal. He just kicked it away carelessly.

"Aren't you afraid he'll go for you?" inquired another of the party, somewhat anxiously.

The one who had kicked at the dog looked at his companion in a sorrowful manner.

"I only wish he would!" he replied. "I'd chance almost anything to be able to go home and say I'd had a bite!"

**Point for Sherlock Holmes.**

Somebody wondered how long a certain woman who had just left the room had been married.

"About 15 years," said the jeweler.

"How do you know?" asked the jeweler's wife. "You never saw her until tonight."

"I can tell by the size of her wedding ring," he replied. "The width of wedding rings changes about every five years. The kind she wears was in style 15 years ago."

**Almost Entirely.**

"Dick" Quay, at the Congress hotel in Chicago, was talking about a notorious politician.

"And he's worth eleven millions," Mr. Quay ended.

"And is an entirely self-made man, too, I believe," said a correspondent.

"Entirely so," Mr. Quay answered, "except for nine thick coats of white wash that have been applied to him by various investigating committees."

**Seizing the Opportunity.**

She—Old Mr. Steiner told me he would marry me at once if he were twenty-five years younger.

Ho—Why, that would just be my age!

She—Ach, this is so sudden—Excuse me.

**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**How About This?**

"Geeze is supposed to be symbolic of all that is foolish."

"Well, go on."

"But you never see an old gander hock up a million kernels of corn and then go around trying to mate with a gosling."

**Red Cross Ball Blue** will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

**It Depends.**

"Do you think a wife should go through her husband's pockets?"

"Yes—if there's anything in 'em."

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammations, relieves pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle.

People who are crippled in the head get less sympathy than any other cripples.

**Not Successful.**

Mrs. Knicker—Why don't you go to the market yourself?

Mrs. Boker—No, indeed; that's just the way Jack told me he lost his money.

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS** For Headache Nervousness and Backache due to disorders of Kidneys and Bladder

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES** Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 16-ounce package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Wash and Mix Colors.

**MONROE DRUG COMPANY**, Quincy, Ill.

**DEFIANCE STARCH** easiest to work with and starches clothes most.

**W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 40-1912.**

**SMILING MARTYRDOM.**

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Although the leeman brings to you a lump exceedingly small, You do not complain, for if you do He may not come at all.

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**Red Cross Ball Blue** will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

## A Different Kind Of Clothing Store

Different not only in the thoroughly good and always satisfactory kind of clothes we sell, but in the general spirit of the service we provide. Our idea is simply this, that we do the best for ourselves by doing the very best for others. You must be pleased and satisfied—Your pleasure and satisfaction is our constant aim and our purpose. "Money cheerfully refunded and satisfaction guaranteed" are not merely empty phrases used only to put into circulation principles that protect you as well as this store against the possibilities of any mistake or dissatisfaction. In the famous guaranteed clothes we do the best that can be done for our customers. They cost no more than the ordinary. Moderate prices and styles, light and heavy, fancy and plain; every new fad in style and shape, for business or dress. Cravatned Overcoats that water will not spot or penetrate; a light or medium weight nubby, dreary coat suitable for sun or rain.

**Geo. H. Frank & Co.**

Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

**PUBLIC LEDGER**  
MAYSVILLE, KY.

**Purely Personal**

Mrs. T. J. Hodge of Seattle, Wash., is spending a short while with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Moore.

Mrs. Sallie Milton Hall is a charming Mayville guest of her aunt, Mrs. Notholt, near Mayville.

Mrs. Clara Russell Burns of Wilmington, O., is the guest of Miss Mary Dacton of West Second street.

Mr. Frank Hocke and Mr. William Bierley arrived home Monday evening after spending a week in Washington City, New York and other points in the East.

The Knights of Columbus will entertain with a dinner at their home Tuesday evening October 8th.

A Sample of Roosevelt's Square

Deal

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 4th.—President Taft will be without representation from California to the Electoral College and not a vote for him can be cast in the State, unless it be written in, following a decision by the State Supreme Court Thursday, under which electors pledged to him can not appear on the November ballot as Republicans.

## Aberdeen News

Gretna Green.

Mrs. Gus Simmons is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Briceco at Lexington, Ky.

Will Havens, Managing Editor of The West Union Defender, was an Aberdeen visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Asbury of Fernside, Ky., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cal. Kennedy during the fair.

Miss Leota Clark was taken seriously ill Saturday afternoon and for a while was in a precariously condition, as the result of taking headache powders. She is now all right again.

"Evelyn Neibit," the fine driving mare of Hazel Neibit, died Sunday. Hazel has been rather unfortunate. One day last week a colt belonging to him fell on a snag and seriously injured itself. In the last few years he has lost seven horses.

Common Pleas Judge G. Bomback has declined to be a candidate for re-election. This leaves four candidates in the field—James W. Tarbell, John R. Moore, John M. Markley and Omega E. Young, all of Georgetown.

Rev. Ralph G. Finch and family sail from New York October 14th for their new field of labor as missionaries to South America and islands of Caribbean Sea. Their pure and holy lives have been a help and an inspiration to all who have known them.

**GETTING GREY EH—OLD MA AND BALD TOO.**

Looking twenty years older than you really are. Being made the laughing stock of your friends and the butt of their jokes "Old Age Class" simply because grey hairs are so closely associated with old age. It is very humiliating to be grey and bald when your age doesn't justify either—to be classed as a "Has Been" and set aside by your young friends as too old for them—it be turned down possibly, in your application for that new position because YOUNG-LOOKING MAN was WANTED.

Get the best of the grey hairs—don't let them get the best of you.

**USE HAY'S HAIR HEALTH**

Keeps You Looking Young

\$1.00 and 50¢ at Drug Stores or direct upon receipt of price and dealer's name. Send remittance.

Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

For sale and recommended by

T. J. Chenevert.

## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY WEEK

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S BIRTHDAY IS OCTOBER 7TH. BEGINNING ON THAT DAY WE SHALL DEVOTE A WEEK TO THE CELEBRATION OF HIS FAME WITH SPECIAL DISPLAYS OF HIS WORKS AND MANY FEATURES OF GENERAL INTEREST. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO COME TO OUR STORE.

**J. T. KACKLEY.**

### The Highest Yet

*Harlan Enterprise.*

The largest price ever paid for a piece of real estate in Harlan county was paid by the Wisconsin Steel Company Reheem Cresch of Poor Fork for one-quarter acre of ground lying within the company's land in their camp at Bonham. The price paid was \$3,000.

### Latest News

Balkan situation shows slight improvement, with hope that powers will yet be able to prevent war.

POCATELLO, IDAHO, October 4th.—"You will never punish me again," said John Whitaker, a twelve-year-old boy, yesterday, as he fired a shotgun at his mother, killing her instantly. The boy had just been whipped for failing to assist in the family washing.

Mrs. T. J. Hodge of Seattle, Wash., is spending a short while with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Moore.

Mrs. Sallie Milton Hall is a charming Mayville guest of her aunt, Mrs. Notholt, near Mayville.

Mrs. Clara Russell Burns of Wilmington, O., is the guest of Miss Mary Dacton of West Second street.

Mr. Frank Hocke and Mr. William Bierley arrived home Monday evening after spending a week in Washington City, New York and other points in the East.

The Knights of Columbus will entertain with a dinner at their home Tuesday evening October 8th.

A Sample of Roosevelt's Square

Deal

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 4th.—President Taft will be without representation from California to the Electoral College and not a vote for him can be cast in the State, unless it be written in, following a decision by the State Supreme Court Thursday, under which electors pledged to him can not appear on the November ballot as Republicans.

### Church Notes

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., J. B. Wood Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

Christian Endeavor at 6:15 p. m.

The public is cordially invited and will be warmly welcomed to these services.

REV. R. L. BENN, Pastor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., A. M. J. Cochran, Superintendent.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Thursday night at 7 p. m.

Everyone cordially invited.

REV. JOHN BARBOUR, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Morning service at 10:45 a. m.

Evening service at 7:00 p. m.

All seats free at all services.

REV. J. H. FIELDING, Rector.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

You are cordially invited to all of these services.

REV. M. S. CLARK, Pastor.

THIRD STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Services tomorrow as follows:

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m., I. M. Lane, Superintendent.

Preaching by the Pastor at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Preparations will be begun for rally day which will be observed by this school on Sunday, October 20th.

Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. led by Miss Hurd.

A most cordial invitation is given by the Pastor and congregation to every one to attend all these services.

REV. W. W. SHEPPARD, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:15 a. m., J. W. Bradner Superintendent.

Men's Class meets in the Sunday-school room at this hour. A cordial invitation is given the men of the Church to attend this class.

Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Christian Endeavor 6:45 p. m., J. T. Kackley, President.

All of the members urged to be present.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7 p. m.

A welcome awaits those attending these meetings.

REV. ROGER L. CLARK, Pastor.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

Preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.

Morning service at "John Three Sixteen."

In the evening there will be a special evangelistic service.

All the people who do not attend church elsewhere are invited to attend these services.

Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Thursday night at 7 o'clock.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

REV. J. M. HAYMORE, Pastor.

Our Colored Citizens.

Mrs. Lehman will speak at Scott's Chapel M. E. Church, Sunday at 3:30 p. m. in the interest of the W. H. M. and colored citizens of Mayville. The public is cordially invited and upon to be present, both male and female.

The Civic Improvement Club will meet with Mrs. Eddie Morton, Forest avenue this afternoon from 4 to 6. All women who are interested in the welfare of the colored youth are invited.

BERTHA MORTON, Forest Ave.

Keep You Looking Young

\$1.00 and 50¢ at Drug Stores or direct upon receipt of price and dealer's name. Send remittance.

Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

For sale and recommended by

T. J. Chenevert.

GETTING GREY EH—OLD MA AND BALD TOO.

Looking twenty years older than you really are. Being made the laughing stock of your friends and the butt of their jokes "Old Age Class" simply because grey hairs are so closely associated with old age. It is very humiliating to be grey and bald when your age doesn't justify either—to be classed as a "Has Been" and set aside by your young friends as too old for them—it be turned down possibly, in your application for that new position because YOUNG-LOOKING MAN was WANTED.

Get the best of the grey hairs—don't let them get the best of you.

USE HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

Keeps You Looking Young

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